



WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 31.

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## TWENTY DOCTORS IN THE FIELD.

The generous support the public is giving the Evening World Sick Babies' Fund justifies an increase of the corps of free physicians, and in a few days we shall have twenty doctors in the field.

Of this corps five physicians will be detailed to Brooklyn, and the same methods that have been so successful in practical work in New York will be followed there.

There is, of course, a boundless opportunity for such a noble charity in the metropolis and its vicinity. THE EVENING WORLD does not pretend to cover but a portion of immense field. But it does aim to do its thoroughly, and to save as many little as possible.

The scope of the work will be even further argued should the size of the growing fund justify it.

## COMPOUNDING FELONY.

The following advertisement appeared conspicuously in yesterday's issue of the Mail:

\$25 REWARD.

reward and no questions asked for return to the MAIL AND EXPRESS office of four letters left for the postman on the letter-box on 42d Street and Lexington Avenue. PUBLISHER MAIL AND EXPRESS.

Now, the above contains a direct offer to promise a possible felony, which is a re offense in the eyes of the law. It is after for surprise that a gentleman of Col. FARMER'S intense convictions should so flatterly propose to become a violator of law, that is what it is, and there is no evading the force of the point.

he person who took the letters stole them, romise immunity to such person if they "turned in" the way to the law.

is too much of that kind of a letter, thieves. It is a "society" way bank have of teasing absent-minded cashiers.

orge a portion of their savings.

SHARP should be above such a ceeding.

## WHAT ARE THEY?

The claim is now set up by certain Aldermen that they are not city officers. The object of this claim is to avoid the necessity of giving their seats as Aldermen by those have designs on State legislative honors.

Constitution prohibits the election of person holding a city office within one red days of a State election to the legislature.

argument may throw a flood of light the actions of many Aldermen. It is ally thought by the people that there is attention paid to the city's welfare by officials, and it may be that their indifference is attributable to their belief ey are not city officers. But what are There are reasons for the belief that they are representatives of private interests. This is an interesting question.

## A MERITED REBUKE.

Attempt of CLARENCE W. BOWEN to lythe Chamber of Commerce to pass ions highly disconcerting to Mayor in connection with the preliminary counts for the World's Fair was a flat ig. It is apparent that Mr. Bowen is that he will not be as conspicuous in oung great event as he desires. There taking the fact that the people of rk have had a surfeit of Bowen in Ayon with the recent Centennial. ay want now is a prolonged rest from

Pr andly and forcible manner in which ags N. BLISS rebuked young Bowen's Hoo was very creditable. After being held with such unanimity by the pils of Commerce, Mr. Bowen ought to from that a mighty small potato he is. Ed's Fair project is too great to be Sed with by small fry.

## GOOD FOR ELLEN!

to sneak thieves were apprehended last while meditating a robbery on West y-fourth street through the courageous tut of the domestic employed in the intended to be robbed. The girl, McCormack, caught the thieves as ere climbing the fence in their at- Peter ht, when they knew they had ng. Yered, and despite cruel punish- he coted upon her by their held the hys. All the police arrived and took them leady. A bravery on the part of male or female ty, and the devotion of this girl to theests of her employers deserves high- and substantial recognition. Good [EN]

Music in Mount Morris Park.

A Seventy-first Regiment band will selected programme of music at Mount is this evening at 8 o'clock.

## WEE SUFFERERS.

Many of Them in the Care of the Free Physicians.

Babes of the Poor Carefully Nursed Back to Life.

Steve Brodie Fills a Little Bank on His Swim.

Neil Nelson and Dr. Constable Make a Record for Themselves.

## THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.....\$100.00  
Already acknowledged.....3,254.80  
Steve Brodie's Swim.....50.00  
A. G. Y.....1.00  
M. R. S.....1.00  
Jonal.....1.00  
C. J. Hildesheimer.....1.00  
W. R.....1.00  
Greenberg & Sontheim.....1.10  
Left Hand.....5.00  
Elizabeth Hommer.....5.00  
Brooklyn Inspector.....1.00  
Bessie G.....2.00  
Port Ewen......25  
Hammerslough, Saks & Co.'s Emp.....5.10  
playees......60  
Billie......00  
G. J. K.....1.00  
Amanda.....1.00  
Mrs. F. C. R......50

## Has Many Calls for Money.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please accept the enclosed \$1 for your Sick Babies' Fund. I have very little time and many calls for money, but think I can spare a trifle to help a good cause. A. G. Y.

## Thanks for Good Wishes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Find enclosed 50 cents for Sick Babies' Fund. May God bless your noble efforts.

## A Thanks Offering.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Inclosed please find my mite, \$5, for the benefit of sick and suffering babies. May God bless and encourage you in your good work, and accept this thanks offering from yours  
LEFT HAND.

## A \$5 Contribution.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please find inclosed check for \$5 for the Baby Fund. ELIZABETH HOMMER, 26 Waverley place.

## Help for the Good Work.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please accept the inclosed \$2 to help the good work on which you have so nobly instituted. BESSIE G.  
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

## Thanks! We Will.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will you kindly forward the inclosed \$1 to the poor family who were evicted from 284 Mulberry street. AMANDA.

## If He Were Jay Gould.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I inclose herewith \$1, my contribution to the Sick Children's Fund. If I were Jay Gould I would add six ciphers to the above. G. J. K.

## Entertainment for the Baby Fund.

The Novelty Quartet have enlisted the services of a number of friends, and will give a musical and literary entertainment, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the Sick Babies' Fund. Mr. H. R. Jacobs has kindly loaned his Third Avenue Theatre for the occasion.

The following bill which they have prepared, speaks for itself:

Grand musical and literary entertainment by the Novelty Quartet, at H. R. Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre, Third Avenue and Thirty-first street, Saturday evening, Aug. 3, 1889. Proceeds for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund.  
Programme: Part I.—Overture, "Potpourri," Novelty Quartet; vocal, selected, John W. Fowling solo whistling, "La Favorita," Lillie Handell; recitation, "Jack Tar," B. H. Sculler; zither solo, selected, Chas. Devide; song, "The Daily Question," Katie R. Scholten; speech, "Short Talk to the Ladies," Lily Langtry; Richardson; banjo solo, "Waiting," A. B. Harrison; The laughable sketch, by request, "Taint You Think It Is," Pete Skelley; J. D. Lester; Mr. Jinks (manager), M. R. Palmer; Host, B. H. Fiske.  
Part II.—Banjo quartet, "Centennial," White Brothers, Gillette and Boettling; hand solo, "Speak to Me, Speak," P. Richardson; Miss Grady's Debout, Anon; Harry Holston; violin solo, selected, Carl Lanzert; Garden City Quartet, selected; solo on crystal glasses, selected, S. D. Smith; specialties, selected, John Leavitt; harmonica solo, medley, Sadie M. Eimendorff; "Favorite Jig," F. Kelly; piccolo solo, "H. Trotter," D. O'Connor. To conclude with "Supper Service," Mr. Muggins, J. B. R. Fiske; William Henry, J. D. Lester.  
Manager, Theo. D. C. Miller, M. D.; stage director, Mr. P. Richardson. Doors open at 7.15 o'clock, curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents, reserved seats 50 cents extra.

## The "Babies" This Time.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Our specialties are "Men's and Youth's," but this time we have thought it our duty to cater for the little ones. We hope this small sum (\$8.10) will influence other houses in the trade to follow our example.

Hooah Oolah Goolah and talented employees of HAMMERLOUGH, SAKS & Co.

## FOR SICK BABIES.

Steve Brodie's Long Swim and Collections on the Route.

"Just left that! I'm going out to collect a little and then I'll start up."

"That" was a small square iron safe, which was heavy enough, and had a coppery sound when its inward were shaken up. For eight days it has been in the smiling custody of Steve Brodie's devil, and the tender hearted, thirsting soul who came in for a hour used to drop some coin in it for THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund.

For every put of beer that Steve sold four cents went into the safe. The devil, who is a very expensive bronze devil from Paris, and cost a cool \$1,000, seemed to smile more broadly than ever at the idea of his keeping money for poor sick babies. This wasn't in the line of a Paris devil's work at all.

Then Steve Brodie thought he would raise some cash more expeditiously, and vowed he

## Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched, and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is found and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the nerves strengthened. The whole system is built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was all run down and sick for business. I was induced to take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it built me right up so that I was soon able to resume work. I recommend it to all." D. W. BRATE, 4 Martin street, Albany, N. Y.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1 a box for 60. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, MASS. ONE DOLLAR.

would swim from Blackwell's Island to the Battery for the ailing little kids.

"I was a poor chap in a tenement-house for six years," said the stocky little chap.



with his honest smile, "and I kinder know what it is for the young ones to be suffering, cooped up there in the heat."

After a few minutes Steve came back and the safe was heavier than ever. THE EVENING WORLD reporter, who was out to see Steve through on his water picnic, took charge of it, and the party took an "L" train to William B. Johnson's swimming school at the foot of West Fifty-fifth street. Stephen B. had his marine regimentals there.

At 12.45 he came on the float in a very puffy rubber suit. He looked like an Esqui-



MAN who had been in a coal mine. Rubber tubes, fore and aft, were dangling from the big head, and a little patch of face looked out on the water.

"Here just blow me up a little more," said Brodie, and one of the young men put the tube to his mouth and blew very red in the face as he imported some of his lung force to the rubber suit.

"Good-by, boys," cried Steve. He gave a hop and plummeted into the water like a frog. In a moment more he had turned his toes towards the Battery and his double paddle was in vigorous motion. His long swim had begun.

A small gun had been fired as he took to the water, and a bomb was exploded. A brown elephant drifted slowly down from the air as the result of the last, and the reporter, with George Noble and two others, to row and look after the fireworks, followed after the swimmer in the only boat there, a flat-bottomed affair.

The tide had not turned and the waves were running pretty high. Brodie had not gone fifteen yards before a big one broke bang in his face and he got salt water enough to last him for a month. At the same time the boat presented her side to a big wave and shipped most of it. This had the effect of supplying an even temperature to the feet of the crew, as they were in two inches of good, healthy water.

The black object ahead, looking like a fat turtle, was making very good time, and the double paddle moved with the regularity of a clock.

A young man of marked musical temperament, who had charge of a small brass band in the boat, nearly burst himself every now and then with blowing a raspy but deafening note at intervals of the journey.

The river was exceedingly rough, and the sky was lowering, but Steve Brodie had less



chance of getting wet than any one party. It was only when a big wall of soiled water came over his head that he felt a was swimming.

At Thirty-fourth street pier, Brodie h to the boat to turn in. "There's a there and I'll pass around the safe," he sure enough, there was a crowd. It was thick with people, men and boys had been waiting to see Steve paddle the stream.

"There he is, Cully. I've seen 'm one of the 'Modocs' who was around in the water like a duck."

"How are you, Steve?" was cried dozen voices as the fat-looking thing out of the water up on to the pier, bomb had been shot off, and seven colored disks sailed slowly down water.

After shoving his way through with his safe, Steve came to the dock and passed the iron receptacle than ever, down to the reporter in the trumpet blew his horn and Brodie was aloft again.

The mob on the dock cheered and it in, and two small boys started enitally to swim after him.

"Turn in at the pier of the Charit Correction," cried the swimmer, and the big mass of Bellevue Hospital rose river's bank at Twenty-sixth street to another landing.

Here Mr. Patrick Devine, when the swim and the attending boats were sweet charity, declared that the nav to be in better condition, and low rowers an elegant cedar keel-bottom the Winale.

"That is my contribution to the

Mr. Devine said, and the occupants of the old flat-bottomed boat, who had found the sound of the waves gently closing against the seat of their trousers and lapping against their ankles was getting to be very monotonous, appreciated the light boat which was trimmed so easily.

At Nineteenth street there was another big crowd, and Brodie pulled in to the pier and was greeted noisily by all the kids. He added considerably to the weight of the small coin safe, and then resumed operations on the river.

If any of you fellows think this is fun I'd like to have you try it. Have you got any water?" said Brodie.

Not a drop. Nor was there anything in the shape of beverage. So a passing tug, the Blue Stone, N. Y., was hailed, and she came to and gave the rubber-vested swimmer a drink of water.

At the last landing there had developed a desire to take the iron safe, but this highway-robbery scene was put down by the bold front of Steve B. and his attendant, and the precious repository was returned in due form, heavier than ever.

There was another stretch of nasty "tide rips" below here, and the plucky swimmer had to apply to the relief boat for a handkerchief to dry his wet countenance. He gravely dried his face and returned it.

All the boats that passed looked with intense interest at the great bridge-jumper doing his charity swim. They crowded to the rail, and the ladies waved their gloves 'kerchiefs to encourage the generous swimmer. Now and then he had to steer clear a big log of wood, and he would send it bug away with a good shove of his oars.

He hugged the Brooklyn shore for of the way here, as the water was mable. Now and then the waves fro-



ing ferryboat there a piece of turtle was not in the As the bridge looked up at th to those in the me."

He must have looked straggled on which came there in his f As he drew front was in It was 3.10 paddled up iron safe pr There was waiting for the top of derly hat, nes dropt The sun admiration jumper, cried out "Steve, other th moment.

At last he blew his bombs had queer Asiatic the water.



STEVE AND HIS CHARITABLE DEVIL.

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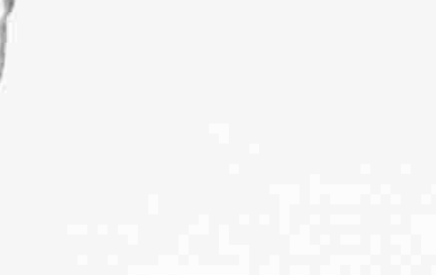
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